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# YOUNGSTERS

## At Play



McLOUGHLIN BROS. NEW YORK

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All about him fall the snow balls :  
Thick and fast they fly.  
Donald cares not, if they hit him.  
He's too big to cry.

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“Oh dear! whatever shall I do?”  
Sobbed young Miss Marigold.  
“I’ve spoiled my nice new petticoat,  
How mother, dear, will scold.”



These ladies have been photographed,  
Lots of times, you know,  
But sitting to be painted,  
They think, is rather slow.



When mother sought the pantry  
To get some fruit for tea,  
She found her little daughter  
Engaged quite busily.



While Dorothy, poised on her tiptoes,  
Strives hard the old knocker to hit,  
Jack Dandy, her clever young puggie,  
As still as a mouse will sit.



Horrid old sum, 'twill not come right;  
Dark grows the frown on his face:  
Then, all of a sudden, comes the light,  
And the frown to a smile gives place.



What is it that pleases you so,  
And tendeth your mirth to provoke?  
It must be quite funny, I know,  
Pray, Spot, won't you tell us the joke?



“Dash, do you want your dinner?  
Then speak for it, quickly now.”  
What he meant, was plain to Mabel,  
What he said was just, “Bow-wow.”



Clad in quaint old gowns of yore,  
Gracefully dancing with flying feet,  
Backwards, forwards, now fast, now slow,  
In perfect time to the music sweet.



With Granny's glasses on his nose,  
Spot thinks it quite a clever caper  
Upon a chair to gravely pose,  
And make believe to read the paper.



“Whither, away, my pretty one,  
With your basket and clothes so fine?”  
“I’m off to the market; please don’t tell,  
I’ll be back when the clock strikes nine.”



Hurrah for the jolly snowman!  
Let's make him a soldier, brave.  
On his head, a cap so jaunty;  
In his hand, the flag shall wave.



“Cluck, cluck” called the old brown hen;  
But the ducklings heeded not.  
They were far too busy eating bread,  
Given to them by Miss Dot.



CHAS. H. B. 1841  
1841  
W. H. B. 1841  
1841

Queen-like, she sits in her chair of state,  
Maid Marian, winsome and fair:  
While the gentle page beside her waits,  
With grave and courteous air.



Down from the sky they come tumbling,  
Pretty snowflakes, so pure and white;  
Drifting in 'neath the big umbrella,  
Almost hiding the children from sight.



Working hard at making pills,  
Happy as a boy can be;  
He'll be good at curing ills,  
Malcom Livingstone, M. D.







